

DECEMBER 1964

PRICE 6D

SPASTICS NEWS

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H.R.H. Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent

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**THE
SPASTICS
SOCIETY**

**12 PARK CRESCENT
LONDON W.1**

**East Anglia Region**

Cambridge and District Spastics Society
Clacton and District Group
Colchester and District Group
Essex Group
Ipswich and East Suffolk Spastics Soc. **TW**
Lowestoft and N.E. Suffolk Spastics Soc.
Norfolk and Norwich Spastic Assoc.
Peterborough and Dist. Spastics Group **O**
Southend-on-Sea and District Spastics Society **OC**

Regional Officer:

*H. G. Knight, 51 Newnham Road,
Cambridge. Tel.: 61747*

Regional Social Worker:

*Miss H. M. Day, 51 Newnham Road,
Cambridge. Tel.: 54531*

East Midland Region

Boston District Branch
Chesterfield and District Spastics Society **TOC**
Derby and District Spastics Soc. **T**
Grantham & District Friends of Spastics
Grimsby, Cleethorpes and District Friends of Spastics Society
Leicester and Leicestershire Spastics Society **TC**
Lincoln and District Spastics Society
Loughborough and District Spastics Soc.
Mansfield and District Friends of Spastics Group **O**
Newark Area Spastics Society
Northampton & County Spastics Soc. **TE**
Nottingham and District Friends of Spastics Group **TEC**
Scunthorpe and District Spastic Society
Stamford and District Spastics Society

Regional Officer:

P. L. Lindsell, 32 Park Row, Nottingham. Tel.: 42198

North-Eastern Region

Barnsley and District Association **EC**
Bradford and District Branch
Castleford and District Spastics Committee

The Executive Committee**Chairman:** Dr. D. E. Wheeler, B.Sc., Ph.D., F.R.I.C.**Vice-Chairman:** J. F. G. Emms**Vice-Chairman:** A. P. Moira**Hon. Treasurer:** W. A. Burn, F.C.A.

J. E. O. Arnold, F.C.A.

E. Barnett, M.C.S.P., M.Ch.S.

Miss J. Garwood, B.A.

Dr. G. Hamilton Hogben, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., D.P.H.

R. A. Jupp, A.M.I.Mech.E.

J. L. Peterson, M.A.

J. Pringle, M.A.

B. Taylor, A.M.I.Gas.E.

LOCAL GROUPS

Darlington and District Spastics Soc. **H**
Dewsbury and District Spastics Society
Goole and District Spastics Association
Halifax and District Spastic Group **W**
Huddersfield and District Spastics Soc. **O**
Hull Group, The Friends of Spastics Society in Hull and District **H**
Leeds and District Spastics Society **O**
Pontefract and District Spastics Assoc.
Rawmarsh and Parkgate Spastics Society
Sheffield and District Spastics Soc. **TEOC**
South Shields and District Spastics Society **C**
Sunderland and District Spastics Society **CW**
Tees-side Parents and Friends of Spastics **TE**
York and District Spastics Group **TC**

Regional Officer:

*R. J. F. Whyte, Royal Chambers,
Station Parade, Harrogate. Tel.: 69655*

Regional Social Worker:

Miss B. P. Stephenson, same address

North-Western Region

Barrow-in-Furness and District Spastic and Handicapped Children's Society **C**
Birkenhead Spastic Children's Soc. **TEOC**
Blackburn and District Spastics Group **TWC**
Blackpool and Fylde Spastic Group **W**
Bollington, Macclesfield and Dist. Group
Bolton and District Group **TE**
Burnley Area and Rossendale Spastics Group **T**
Caernarvonshire Spastics & Handicapped Peoples Society
Chester and District Spastics Assoc.
Colwyn Bay and District Spastics Society
Crewe and District Spastics Society **TEO**
Crosby and District Spastics Society **C**
Cumberland, Westmorland and Furness Spastics Society **H**
Flint Borough Spastics Association
Lancaster, Morecambe and District Spastics Society

Manchester & Dist. Spastics Soc. **TCE**
Montgomeryshire Spastics Society
Oldham & District Spastics Society **OCT**
Preston and District Spastics Group **OCT**
Sale, Altrincham and District Spastics Society **RTEC**
Southport, Formby and District Spastics Society **H**
Stockport, East Cheshire and High Peak Spastics Society **TEOC**
Urmston and District Group **TC**
Warrington Group for the Welfare of Spastics **O**
Widnes Spastic Fellowship Group
Wigan and District Spastics Society

Regional Officer:

*T. H. Keighley, Room 481, 4th Floor,
St. James' Buildings, Oxford Street,
Manchester 1. Tel.: Central 2088*

Deputy Regional Officer:

F. Young, same address.

Regional Social Worker:

Mrs. M. Moncaster, same address

Northern Home Counties Region

Bedford and District **TOWEC**
Bishop's Stortford and District Group, Herts Spastics Society **E**
Central Middlesex Spastics Welfare Society **W**
East Herts Group, Herts Spastics Society
East London Spastic Society **H**
Epping Forest and District Branch **TO**
Friends of Ponds Home
Hatfield and District Group, Herts Spastics Society

Chief Regional Officer:

A. M. Frank, M.C., M.A., 12 Park Cresc., London, W.1.

Key:**T**—Treatment Available**E**—Education**O**—Occupational Centre

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(Cover design by Charmian Loring)

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Hitchin and District Friends of Spastics, Herts Spastics Society	
Ilford, Romford and District Spastics Association	T
Luton, Dunstable and District Spastics Group	TEC
Maidenhead Friends of Spastics Group	
Oxfordshire Spastics Welfare Soc.	TOC
Reading and Berkshire Spastics Welfare Society	T
Slough and District Spastics Welfare Society	
South-West Middlesex Group	T
St. Albans and District Group, Herts Spastics Society	T
Walthamstow and District Spastics Society	
Watford and District Group, Herts Spastics Society	TEOC
Welwyn Garden City and District Group, Herts Spastics Society	
Wycombe and District Spastics Society	T

Regional Officer:

R. C. Lemarie, 524 St. Alban's Road
North Watford. Tel.: 41565

Regional Social Worker (except Essex):

Miss Ballance, same address. Tel.:
41059

London Region (provisional)

North London Area Association of Parents and Friends of Spastics	T
North-West London Spastics Soc.	O
South-East London Group	T
South London Group	
South-West London and District Group	

Local Centres Secretary:

D. Lancaster-Gaye, 12 Park Cresc.,
London, W.1.

W—Work Centre
H—Holiday Home
C—Child Care
R—Residential Centre

LOCAL GROUPS

South-Eastern Region

Brighton, Hove and District Branch	TOC
Central Surrey Group	
Croydon and District Spastics Soc.	TEWC
East Sussex Group	TC
Folkestone and District Branch	H
Horsham, Crawley and District Spastics Society	
Maidstone Area Spastic Group	OT
Medway Towns Branch	T
North Hants & West Surrey Gp.	TECO
North Surrey Group	W
North-West Kent Spastics Group	WO
North-West Surrey Group	TEC
South-East Surrey Spastics Group (Redhill)	TOC
South-West Surrey Group	TEC
Thanet Group	
Tunbridge Wells, Tonbridge & Area Gp.	
West Kent Spastics Society, Incorporating Bromley and District Spastics Group	W

Regional Officer:

H. J. I. Cunningham 29b Linkfield
Lane, Redhill, Surrey. Tel.: Redhill
3944 and 2250

Regional Social Worker:

Mrs. Chinchen, same address

Wessex Region

Andover and District Spastics Society	
Basingstoke & District Spastics Society	
Bournemouth, Poole and District Spastics Society	CTE
Cheltenham Spastic Aid Association	ETC
Isle of Wight Spastics Group	TE
Portsmouth and Dist. Spastics Soc.	W
Southampton and District Spastics Association	TOWC
Swindon and District Spastic Society	H
Winchester and District Spastics Society	

Regional Officer:

J. Kelly, 7 St. John's St., Salisbury
Tel.: 4521

West Midland Region:

Cannock Chase Spastic Association	
Coventry and District Spastics Society	RO
Dudley and District Spastic Group	TOC
Midland Spastic Association	
North Staffordshire Spastic Association	T
Shrewsbury and District Spastics Group	
Stafford and District Spastic Assoc.	TC

Regional Officer:

I. C. R. Archibald, 465 Mosley Road,
Birmingham 12. Tel.: Calthorpe 4192.

South Wales Region (including Mon.)

Cardiff and District Spastic Assoc.	TC
Kenfig Hill & Dist. Spastics Soc.	CTO
Merthyr Tydfil and District Spastics Soc.	
Monmouthshire Spastics Society	
Pontypridd and District Group	TC
Swansea & District Spastics Ass.	TECW

Regional Officer:

B. Kingsley-Davies 2 Saunders Road,
Cardiff. Tel.: 29289

Regional Social Worker:

Miss Davey, same address

Western Region

Bath and District Spastics Society	
Bridgwater and District Friends of Spastics Association	
Bristol Spastics Association	CTOW
Cornish Spastics Society	
Exeter and Torbay Spastics Society	T
Plymouth Spastic (CP) Assoc.	COETW
Weston and District Society for the Spastic and Mentally Handicapped	R
Yeovil and District Spastics Welfare Society	

Regional Officer:

Mrs. A. Mansel-Dyer, St. John House,
60 Staplegrove Road, Taunton, Somerset.
Tel.: 81678

Jersey Spastic Society

Northern Ireland Council for Orthopaedic
Development (Inc.)

Annual General Meeting



Mr. W. A. Burn the Society's Treasurer, answers questions from the floor during the A.G.M. Next to him, left to right, are Vice-Chairmen Mr. A. P. Moira and Mr. J. F. G. Emms; the Chairman, Dr. D. E. Wheeler; the Director, Dr. C. P. Stevens; Chairman of the Appeals Committee, Mr. J. E. O. Arnold; Chairman of the Employment Committee and retiring member of the Executive, Mr. E. Barnett

The Society's Annual General Meeting, 1964, was held in the Russell Hotel, on October 31. The Annual Report and Accounts were adopted.

Mr. Barnett, Mr. Pringle, Mr. Brian Taylor and Dr. Hamilton Hogben retired from the Executive Committee and the following were elected: Dr. Sylvia Guthrie of Manchester, Mr. W. G. Jehan of Preston, Mr. D. C. Edginton of Winchester and Mr. H. W. Palmer of Northwood, Middlesex.

Miss A. M. Jolley, Mrs. C. M. Magnus and Mr. F. G. T. Pearce were elected to the Consultative Council, as was Lord Westmorland, its Chairman.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee held that afternoon, Dr. D. E. Wheeler was re-elected Chairman of the Society for the ensuing year. Mr. J. G. Emms and Mr. A. P. Moira were re-elected Vice-Chairmen and Mr. W. A. Burn, Honorary Treasurer.



Members of the Society present at the A.G.M.

A Year of Solid Achievement — But No Time For Complacency

says Society's Chairman at A.G.M.

"We have solid, and indeed remarkable achievements behind us; we have problems still with us that would daunt any but the stout-hearted; and we are clear that our work has really only just begun", said Dr. D. E. Wheeler, the Society's Chairman, looking back at the past year's work and forward to the future.

He was speaking to delegates, members and friends from 86 Groups who had travelled from all parts of the country for the Society's Annual General Meeting.

He went on: "There is an immense field of practical help that needs to be given in an increasing scale to the many thousands of spastics today; there is the prospect and the hope that through the Society's sponsored research the numbers of spastics will diminish and that treatment on a basis not yet envisaged can be provided for those who remain. A revolution in thought and in human attitudes is taking place, and we are contributing something to it. So let us not be complacent but rather stimulated by the complexity of the problems."

ONE FAMILY

IN the last few days of the dying year Christians celebrate a feast of hope and renewal—the birth of Him who became Man to redeem us. Birth is an event of joy and wonder and without it there can be no family. Our own birthdays become the occasions of family reunion and rejoicing, and, if we remember, thanksgiving. It is right that the birthday of God made Man should bring the family of the Christian world together to share His peace and to give thanks for His coming.

The Spastics Society is a family whose members are united, not by ties of blood, but by the sharing of a common ideal and purpose. Like any family it can never remain static but must of its nature be dynamic and evolving, and, like any family, it must experience the strains and stresses that belong to this process.

We are odd creatures, constantly at war with ourselves. We like to proclaim our self-sufficiency in the hope that we can blind ourselves to the extent we depend on our fellow-men. We are too proud at times to accept the help we offer freely to others; our selfishness can lie in wanting to give rather than to receive, in seeking power for its own sake and not for its good effect; few of us can claim the courage or the honesty of seeing ourselves as others see us—the picture is too unflattering!

Yet, and in almost the same breath, we can die for a cause and fight to the end for what we know is right, sacrifice everything for an ideal and give ourselves utterly in the service of others. We can bring joy and sorrow, gladness and sadness, peace and discord into peoples' lives. We can keep promises and we can break them. We can cause both love and hate, and sometimes we do not care which one. We can inspire hope and reduce to despair.

Love and charity are the solvents of our contradictions and they above all keep the family together and give it the strength to endure. They are the Society's bonds too. Let us renew and strengthen them as we kneel to greet the Baby born in a Manger.

A.M.F.

The Society's Films

Copies of all the Society's films may be borrowed free of charge (within the United Kingdom). Requests for current film lists and bookings should be addressed to: **The Film Secretary, The Spastics Society, 12 Park Crescent, London, W.1.**

Some of the films are heavily booked and a full month's notice may well be necessary. If possible alternative dates or titles should be given. Borrowers are responsible for the payment of return postage and films are loaned on the understanding that they are returned promptly. This is particularly important at the present time when films are taking five or six days to reach their destination. The quicker films are returned, the oftener they can be shown.

THE SPASTICS SOCIETY

Bursaries for Study Tours

Applications are invited from persons suitably qualified, who are professionally concerned with the diagnosis, treatment, and management of Cerebral Palsy and in the education and welfare of the Cerebrally Palsied, for bursaries to enable them to make study tours.

The bursaries will be of two kinds: £100 to enable study tours of 4 weeks in the United Kingdom; and £150 to enable study tours of 4-6 weeks in Europe.

Application Forms may be obtained from:

THE SCHOOLS AND CENTRES SECRETARY,
The Spastics Society,
12 Park Crescent,
London, W.1.

The bursaries are to be made available annually. Applications for 1965 bursaries should be returned by the 31st January, 1965.

Report on Willesden Show—1964

Despite a poor siting of their stall, members of the North-West London Appeals Committee collected over £88 at the Willesden Show. Of this sum £24 was collected by Michael Solomons, a pupil of the North-West London Centre. Committee members were ably assisted by another Centre pupil—Sonia Power.

The young members of this Committee, reputed to be one of the most active in the country, are busy throughout the year organising jumble sales, sales of work and participating in local charity fayres.

Lorie Williams.

Delarue Swimmers

On Sunday, October 25, 1964, a team of eight students from Thomas Delarue School competed in the Infantile Paralysis Fellowship Gala at the Monson Road Baths, Tunbridge Wells.

The events in which they took part were the individual girls' race, the individual boys' free style, girls' relay and boys' relay races. S. Stevenson won the girls' race; C. Day the boys' individual event; and the boys' team won the relay race—the team being M. Nash (captain), C. Day, T. Clarke and C. Haynes.

Kindness Among Children

A group of Brownies in Preston have planted some shrubs and plants in the little garden at the side of the Centre, and they now come along at intervals and keep it tidy.

ANDREW—SPASX

by Wilfred M. Jones,
Training Manager at Sherrards

Mr. Jones hastens to assure us that there is no such trainee at Sherrards—Andrew is a composite being doing all the things that one boy or another has done to the place in the last seven years . . .

I CAN see him now through my office window. His Instructor is with me, and we are watching his business-like efforts, smoothing off the corners of battery boxes on a belt sander. No one would think, seeing him at work, that Andrew was deemed unemployable eleven months ago. Yet his record showed a not too hopeful picture of his potentialities.

I remember the day he arrived at Sherrards. The head boy brought him to me for assessment, and he sat himself down with an air of nonchalant nervousness. This may sound to you like a contradiction, but then, so was Andrew! He started answering my questions, whilst at the same time giving his jaws a work-out on a large wad of chewing gum. This, I thought, was a good opportunity for a first lesson in manners and general behaviour, but I was in a dilemma as to the disposal of the gum. The problem was resolved, however, by my telling him that all previous trainees had been paragons of gentlemanliness. This was more than he could swallow—but the chewing gum was not. Better his stomach, I thought, than my waste paper basket. To my question, "Do you understand decimals?" he replied, "Not very much—what are they?" and I realised that this was an order of thinking that I would have to learn to live with. I then drew a line on a card and asked him to measure it for me, and after trying both sides and then both ends of the rule, he came up with the answer—9/8ths of an inch. A few more questions and I then introduced him to his Instructor, and he found himself in the woodwork shop.

It took Andrew a good fortnight to become used to his surroundings, but we naturally made allowances for this. After all, who wouldn't be bewildered in such circumstances? Imagine being pitchforked into a no-man's-land of unrecognisable objects; some of them revolving at high speed, some jiggling about, others spinning round and moving up and down at the same time, and a circular saw screaming at the top of its teeth.

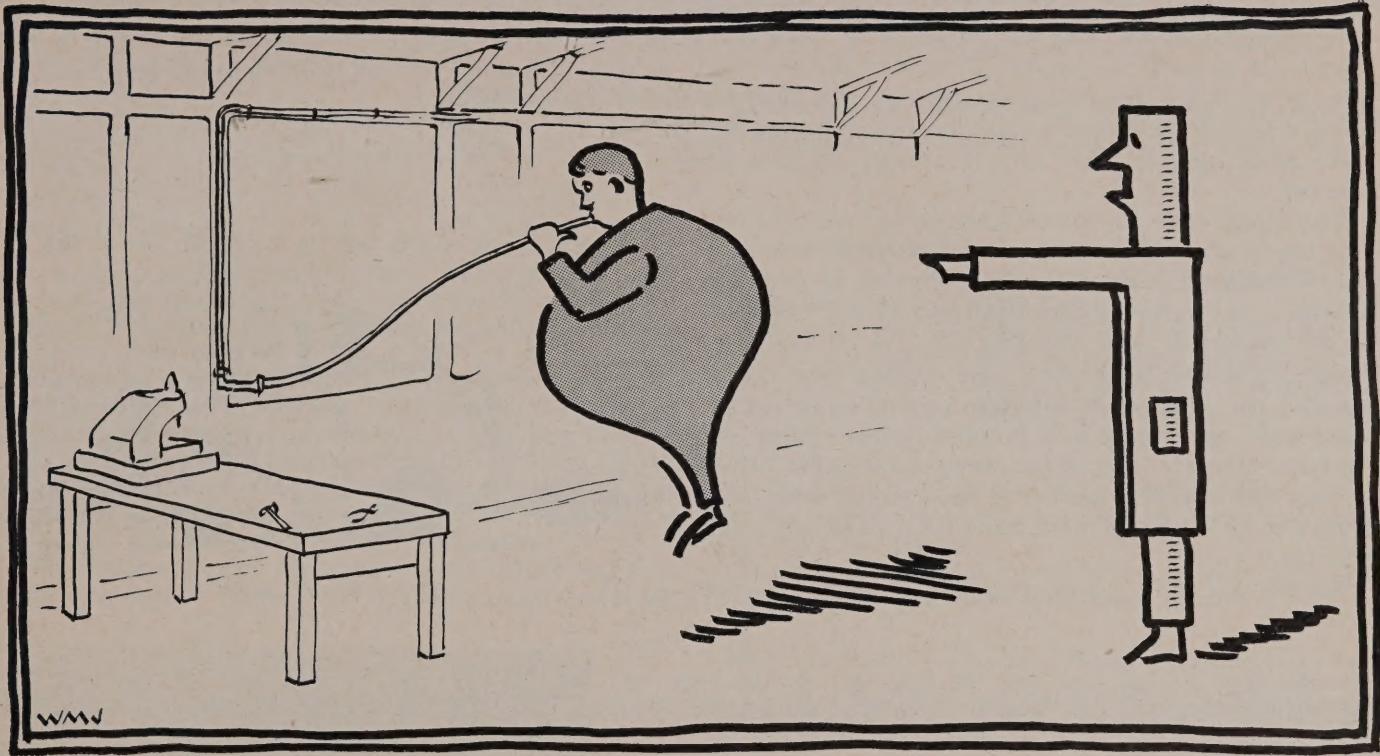
Gravity to Andrew was something sinister and diabolical. We watched him stacking boxes a few weeks after his arrival. The pile was leaning ominously to one side as he added box after box, until eventually the whole lot heeled over. Before he started stacking again he took a quick furtive look behind him to see if his misfortune had been observed. This was normal enough of course. The city gent who slips on a banana skin in the street, invariably glances first at the windows opposite to see if he has been

observed, before he looks for any damage to his person. Dignity comes before anything else in all such circumstances.

For his first few months Andrew lived in a purely literal world, and thereby found weaknesses in our verbal instructions. I remember him showing his Instructor some spent glue in a glue pot and being told to throw it away. Glue AND pot went through the window despite the fact that he had been using the pot for at least a fortnight previously. On another occasion he was given very definite instruction not to clean our glue pots in the wash basins, as the particular type of adhesive we were using would set like a rock underwater, and block up all the pipes. The pipes were blocked all right, and when I held an investigation, Andrew proved to be the culprit. *Of course* he had not emptied the glue down the sinks. Had he not been given very definite orders about this? What he *had* done was to transfer the old glue into a cup first, and then emptied *that* down the sinks. It's a great pity that the people who write books on motion study and job instruction could not meet Andrew, for in Andrew, I am sure, they would find material enough for at least another couple of chapters.

The more memorable happenings all seem to be connected with glue, for some reason or other. I remember we had a problem we could not solve and appealed to a local firm engaged on glue research, who specialised in sticky problems. They sent us a sample which looked something like milk, but had an odour best described as a stench. Four trainees, including Andrew, were warned not to get any of this on their coats for obvious reasons, but of course *he* managed it all right by letting his hammer drop on to his brush handle, thus flipping it up in the air like a catherine wheel and dispensing glue all over himself. For the rest of that afternoon he enjoyed an isolation which was anything but splendid!

Andrew is a left hemiplegic, fairly tall, and with a slightly unstable gait. He also has a far away look in his eye which can be very misleading at times. When you think he is not quite with you, he can be at least one jump ahead. On one occasion he pulled a fast one by telling the hostel staff he required transport to the station at 4.30 on a Friday afternoon. He then told his Instructor in the workshop that he would have to leave off work extra early as he was being taken to the station. This ruse would have gained him extra leave without asking anyone's permission,



NO !!!

When confronted with this piece of duplicity he had a look on his face like a Bishop being asked to renounce his religion.

Someone had marked his IQ down to 70, but I marked it up again to 70₂ explaining that when his self interest was involved, it was at least 490! One of the baffling things about people like Andrew is the very astute moves they are capable of when their own interests are concerned.

He was, for instance, very quick to size up a new Instructor and make a snap decision as to how much he might get away with. It was this extra sense which he possessed that made me think there might be an opening for him on a staff selection board, for one of the most difficult things to assess in a person, during a short interview is his ability to maintain discipline, and Andrew would have this weighed up before the candidate had even reached his chair.

In the early stages of his training, a job not quite to his liking would bring on a violent headache, and anything like a splinter or a cut finger would be a welcome diversion, as it meant a conducted visit to the first-aid box. In addition, of course, he gained a certain conspicuousness as he then became not just one of 66, but an individual, receiving individual attention.

It was some time before he mixed with the other trainees at the tea breaks. Once he wandered off to the engineering workshop, and amused himself by fiddling with whatever took his fancy. He was just about to "see" what compressed air was like, when he was caught by one of the

Instructors and given a good telling off. The other trainees were highly amused to see him back away like a heifer retracting from an electric fence.

I remember him being sent to me for a reprimand as he had been discovered hiding some box bottoms he had cut under size. Little thinking that they would be missed when a count was taken, he had hidden them under the nail bins in an inconspicuous part of the workshop. At first he denied all knowledge of the hide, but when it was explained to him that the fault was in the concealing and not in cutting under size (an error anyone might make when learning) he owned up readily enough, and promised not to repeat his disappearing trick. But it was the sequel which was so intriguing. The following morning he opened my office door and made a great point of saying "good-morning". He had never done this before, and we wondered if this was going to be the *modus operandi* following every misdemeanour—and it was.

We very seldom have any alarming incidents in the workshops, but one day the whole place was brought to a standstill by the most terrific blood-curdling yell one had ever heard. It was Andrew, of course, and it took us some considerable time to extract from him an explanation as he had experienced no accident of any kind, nor had he seen a ghost.

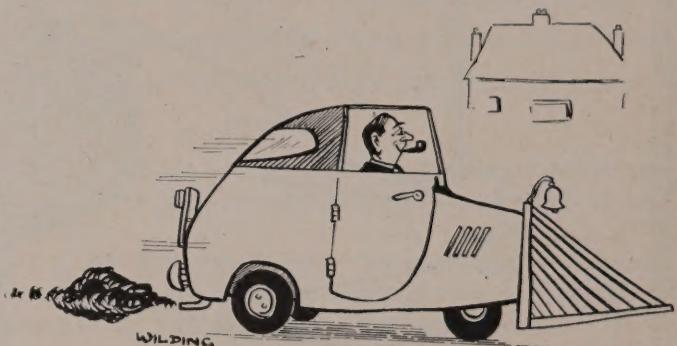
He had been stacking sheets of ply-wood as they came off the circular saw, and when a twelve-inch saw is cutting a five-foot square of timber, the sheets act as a sound board, and it is impossible to hear oneself speak within twenty

feet of this unholy din. Andrew, it transpired had been in competition with it. He was trying to see who could sustain a loud noise the longest—himself or the saw, and through a strange quirk of circumstance he had won, for the saw had suddenly jammed, and his reactions were not quick enough to stop when the noise ceased. And was his face red!

The change came in Andrew when he was put in charge of a new arrival. This made all the difference in his attitude towards his work. From that time on he began to care (and that was quite something). Before this time most of the instruction had somehow glanced off him, and seemed ineffectual but he now began to take more notice, knowing that later on he would be passing on his knowledge to his understudy in a proprietary sort of way. In the space of a few hours he became a charge hand, a shop steward and a welfare worker at one and the same time. It may be an old dodge but it could never have been more effective.

Andrew has come a long way since he threw the glue

pot out of the window. He won't make a Chippendale or a Sheraton, but when he leaves the training centre he will at least carry in his head an elementary tool kit of general workshop knowledge.



The cow-catcher special

In The House of Thirty Spastics

*In the house of thirty spastics
(By the sign of the shaky hand)
Lives a horrible host of heathens -
The worst in this fair land.
They're gamblers and they're boozers -
They like their liquor raw -
And if you look like winning
They'll beat you on the draw.*

*In the house of thirty spastics
(By the sign of the leaky pail)
Lives a set of crooks so vicious
That they're never granted bail.
In their workshop they make bullets;
In the lathe shop they make guns -
And if their bullets get you,
You won't be the only ones.*

*In the house of thirty spastics
(By the sign of the palsied paw)
We have a brave house father
Who knows life in the raw.
He tells us bed-time stories -
Such tales of derring-do,
Of how he beat the Nazi hordes
With a spy called Stinky Sue.*

*In the house of thirty spastics
(By the sign of Godiva, polled)
We're having a striptease show tonight -
The tickets have all been sold.
In case you think we are all depraved,
(Perish the thought please do)
We're stripping the fluff from Alan's hens
In time for our barbecue.*

J. L. Wood, Prested Hall

Gimmicks

TRICYCLE STAND

by Chas. P. D. Greenhill, M.S.R.G., F.B.A.P.T.

Senior Remedial Gymnast, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Coltness House, Wishaw, Lanarkshire

THE stand described in this article was made by the author from odd pieces of wood, five hinges and a coat of paint, and has been in daily use in a residential Special School for severely physically handicapped children, for more than two years.

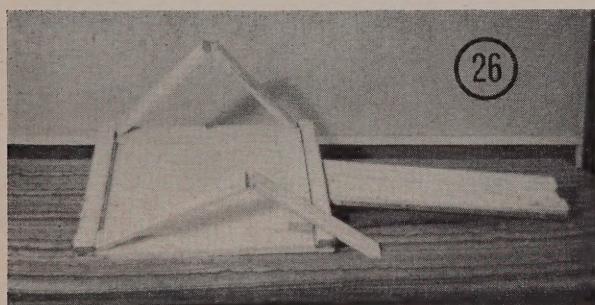
There was a need for a static 'cycle because the physiotherapy department was not large enough to give the children sufficient space in which to manoeuvre a tricycle, and the weather could not be relied upon to allow regular outdoor practice. Consequently something adaptable was necessary to ensure the regular daily use of the tricycle as either a static or mobile piece of equipment.

The construction of the stand is quite simple and it is stable enough to allow severely handicapped cerebrally

palsied children to sit on and pedal without the anxiety and fear of falling off, and foot plates were attached so that the feet may be secured if necessary.

It is hoped that this idea may be useful in day centres or residential establishments caring for handicapped children, where space is limited or a child is not yet confident of moving freely on a tricycle. The low cost of producing this stand may be welcomed in an area where a new centre is opening and equipment not so easily acquired. Parents with limited space at home, who would like their child to exercise readily on a tricycle, can soon make the stand from these instructions.

The tricycle can be mounted on the stand in literally a few seconds and even more easily taken off again.



(26)



(27): The supports are placed over the rear axle of the tricycle.



(29): The rear wheels are now lifted and the supports are placed into position on the axle.

(28): The tricycle is now pushed backwards until the hinged middle part of the supports are over the axle.



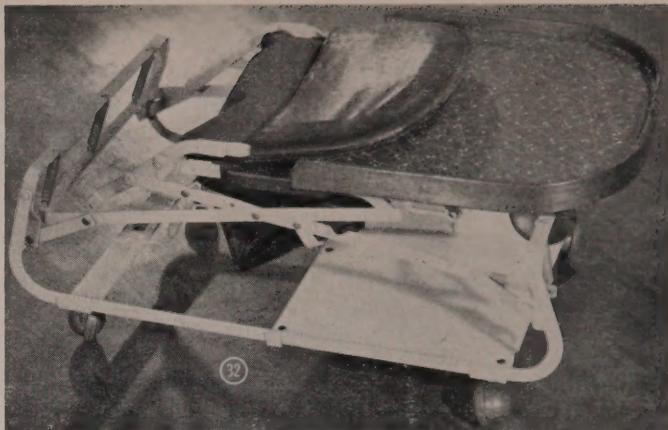
(28)

(30): The supports are fixed into a notch in the base of the stand and the tricycle is now ready for use. The rear wheels are free of the floor.



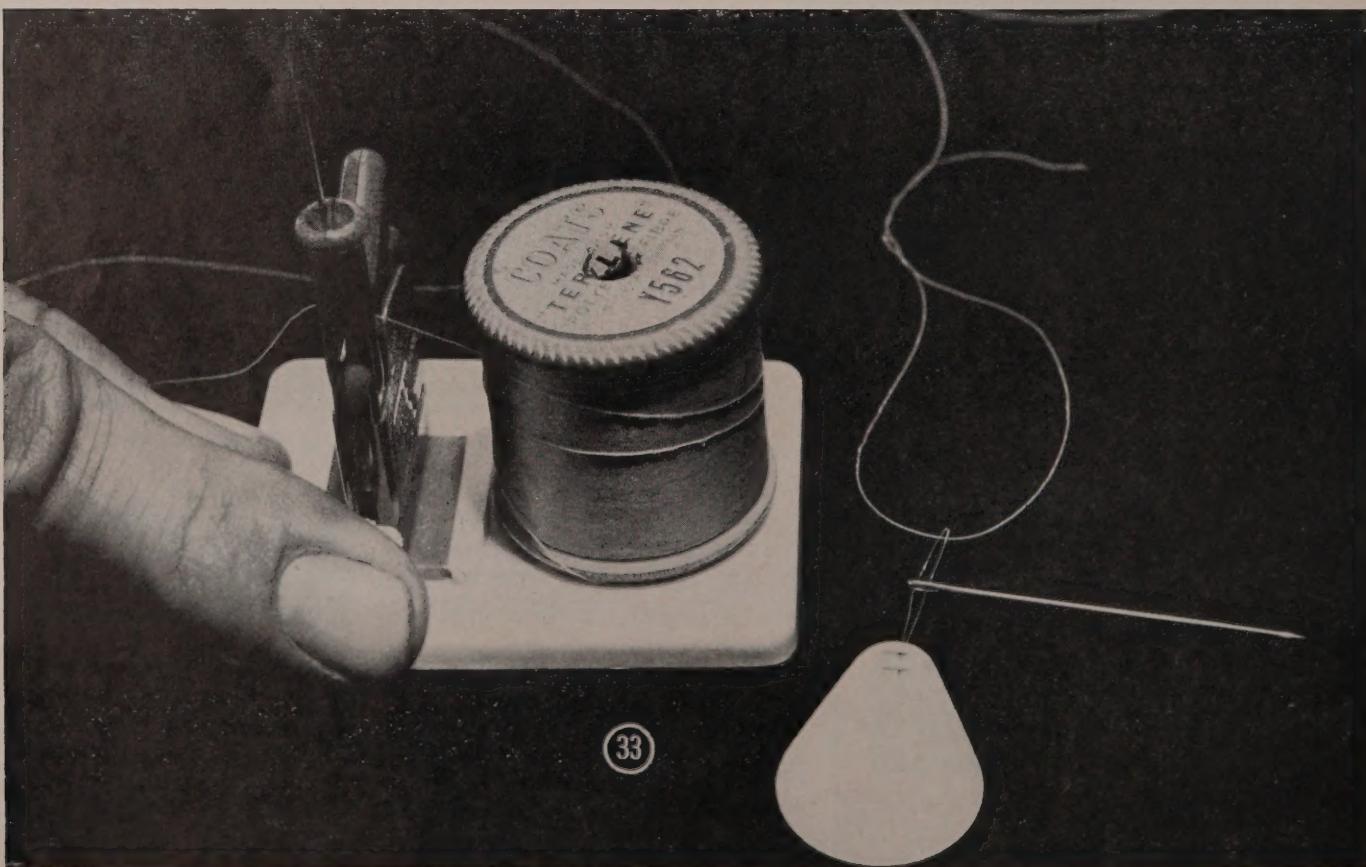
(30)

For details of home gadgets shown here, or for advice on all gadgets and appliances, write to Mr. N. D. B. Elwes, our Appliances Officer, at 12 Park Crescent, London, W.1.



NEW child suspension chair developed for the White Lodge Centre by A. & P. Tools and Products Ltd., Fordwater Trading Estate, Fordwater Road, Chertsey, Surrey. It costs £7 17s. 6d. and the coverings, which are red and washable, can be replaced for 35s. Mrs. Marler at the Centre says that the prototype was so popular that her children had to take it in turns (31) and (32) to sit in it.

This "Witch" Needle Threader cost 2s. 11d. from Needlwoman, 146 Regent Street. It is able to thread all standard cottons but not wool needles or very very fine needles. It cannot cope with stranded cottons. The small wire threader needs more co-ordination but is able to thread everything and costs 5d. from the Haberdashery department, John Lewis, Oxford Street, W.1 (33).





EXHIBITION OF CLOTHING FOR THE DISABLED

is open now on week-days between 9.30 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. All spastics, parents, or interested friends, are welcome to come and see this exhibition of well over 100 items dealing with every form of clothing including design, and many aids to home dress-making. Shirley Keene says "It has been accepted that handicapped people look dowdy for far too long —Hooray for this Exhibition!" The organisers of the exhibition, the Disabled Living Advisory Council, part of the Central Council for the Disabled, are very anxious to discuss suggestions and any difficulties with handicapped people. The exhibition, which is part of a geriatric exhibition, is open until January and is at 24 Nutford Place on the corner of Edgware Road, W.1. ($\frac{1}{4}$ mile from Marble Arch). It is easy to get a wheelchair into the exhibition. Come early to do your Christmas shopping in Oxford Street and see this exhibition, it will pay you.

This plastic apron, only 2s. 11d. from John Lewis, Oxford Street, or large stores, is fitted on a steel band so that there is no tying of apron strings: in fact it can be put on with one hand (34).



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BOTH SIDES

by Bill Hargreaves

BEING in hospital for a long time makes one think and I have been doing just that. Because I am a spastic, a husband and father of two, and have mixed a good deal with the unhandicapped, I can sometimes see both sides of the spastic problem at once.

So I have been trying to work out, firstly, what is wrong with the spastic person's attitude to life. Secondly, what is wrong with the non-spastic person's attitude to congenitally handicapped people.

Most of the latter suffer from immaturity and have an unrealistic outlook on life. This is often far more serious than their physical disability. Years of doing as they are told brings about a lethargy, an "in-the-clouds" conception of the world around them. This condition is more difficult to correct as a person grows older physically and yet still remains a child.

Lethargy takes various forms. Even though many can use their hands, their hair remains unbrushed—so that they have to be continually reminded about it. Many do not bathe as often as they might, to the discomfort of their companions. Clothes and shoes are unbrushed. In short, some spastics look positive scarecrows. To try and rouse some sort of action within them is an uphill task indeed, and it's small wonder that parents sometimes feel unequal to the task, particularly if the little job suggested brings about a burst of temper, together with the time-worn phrase "You don't understand spastics!"

Do you understand your parents? They have suffered too, perhaps even more than their spastic child, and as their child grows into adulthood, so does the parents' burden grow.

I have lost count of the times a parent has said to me "It's easier to do it myself!" If these children were basically normal, what would be the answer to temper tantrums? They would be taught the art of self-discipline, painfully learning that to be anti-social loses friends. I know, I was like that once myself, years ago. I found that to lose my temper was a short cut to getting what I wanted, until my parents got wise to the situation and the children at school laughed at me. I rapidly learned that if I wished to be treated as a normal person, I had to behave like a normal person and that not only meant good manners, but also to act my age and keep myself tidy and respectable, to accept my handicap and not to parade it. Also, *not* to proclaim I could do things when I very well knew I could not. So I began to grow up into a person in the accepted sense of the word—rather painful at times, but worth it; I shudder to think that I could have turned out even worse than I am!

Am I being hard on my fellow spastics? Not really, because I feel a large part of the problem is not their fault. Environment counts a great deal and this brings me to my second question, about the non-handicapped person's attitude to the disabled.

I feel that the primary fault is that they too are unrealistic. The handicapped person needs above all things to become a realistically independent as possible, but we

find instead that misplaced kindness prevents this. In this modern age speed is the keynote. No one seems to have any time to wait for the handicapped to do a job at their own speed. **The non-handicapped are loath to place the handicapped at risk.** Many spastic people I know have never been allowed to handle a sharp knife—"In case they should cut themselves". Well, so we might, but I believe we bleed no more dangerously than anyone else, and usually a piece of sticking plaster will repair the damage! We are far tougher than you know. How many so-called fit people can fall full length as I sometimes do and bounce up again as if nothing had happened?

If fit people block off our natural resources in terms of inquisitiveness, adventure and will to achieve, and instead continually nurse us and treat us as being far below our actual years, **then they bring upon spastics a far greater handicap than we were born with.** Of course, there will always be many spastics for whom loving care in the sense of continual nursing and personal attention will be necessary, and I would like to see that every spastic who needs this sort of treatment receives it. But loving care can also mean lovingly bringing one to a fullness of life within the compass of handicap. It is precisely here that many non-handicapped people fail by trying to do good as *they* see it. They sometimes do far more harm than they can possibly imagine. "This week you made me feel a man"—This was said to me by a 25-year-old. "Please write to mother and tell her I can dress and undress myself"—A 30-year-old. These words and many more like them, are cries from the heart.

What then, is the answer? It is, I believe, that spastic



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people on the one hand should understand that they are not the only ones with problems and that they have to learn to live with their handicap, part of which may be the "help" being received. They must learn to be adventuresome and not to be put off by the "You may hurt yourself" brigade.

On the other hand, they must learn that to be handicapped does mean some limitations in what can be achieved and to try and be content when that limit has been reached. I can never fly an aeroplane, much as I would like to do so, but I am not eating my heart out about it and do not feel the world is against me because I cannot do so. Many fit people also cannot fly aeroplanes.

Let us also play our part by making ourselves as presentable as possible, thus making social integration easier; be prepared to take risks; take a lesson from hospital nurses—their job is to nurse with loving care and to do everything for us when we are ill. Gradually as our strength returns, they encourage us to be independent again.

As for the non-handicapped—above all, please do not treat us as too special. The most important lesson of all for normal people to learn is when to stand back, however difficult this may be in practice.

No one can be blamed for these problems. Spastics and non-spastics alike are only human and have all the human failings. If, however, we all make a searching re-appraisal of what is being done to help spastics and what spastics are doing to help themselves, and above all, what we hope the end result will be, I am quite sure that nothing but good will come of it.

Cardiff and District '62 Club Birthday Party

THE Second Year Birthday celebrations of the Cardiff and District Spastic '62 Youth Club were held at their meeting place, the 6th Llandaff Scout Hall, when 45 members were present.

Special birthday entertainment was supplied by one of the members of staff of Craig-y-Parc School in the form of conjuring for the younger members of the Club and Mr. J. C. Walker, the cartoonist of "South Wales Echo" fame who, although having retired from public demonstrations, consented to give one on this special occasion for the Club.

The celebrations ended with the blowing out of the candles on the birthday cake by three Founder Members, the youngest pupils of Erw Delyn and Craig-y-Parc Schools and the youngest member of the Club, to a hearty rendering of "Happy Birthday to the Club" by all present.

Mrs. Kearslake, headmistress of Craig-y-Parc School, accompanied her pupils and those from Erw Delyn recorded their personal Christmas messages for the Show on December 14, which will be attended by representatives of the Cardiff Education Committee and families and friends. Craig-y-Parc will record a collective one soon as their families do not live locally.

Spina Bifida

At the A.G.M. on October 31, the Director, Dr. C. P. Stevens, made a statement about the Society's position concerning children suffering from spina bifida. Several enquiries had been received by the Society and by some Groups.

Dr. Stevens said that the point was at present under discussion by the Executive and the Medical Advisory Committee, but the short answer to the question, "Can we take on spina bifida sufferers?" must probably be "No".

"These are congenitally handicapped children, but they are not spastics".

Dr. Stevens added "It need hardly be said, however, that if sufferers from spina bifida are also spastics they will be eligible for the Society's help".

The Society might wish that it were able to help all sorts of handicapped children, especially the deaf, the blind, the epileptic and the mentally handicapped, who were all in a sense closer to us than spina bifida children. "But we are required legally to act within our Memorandum of Association, and this defines our work as for the benefit of spastics".

"It has been represented that there should not be yet another charitable Society", said Dr. Stevens, "But at this meeting I need only remind you that that is exactly what was said when the N.S.S. was set up in 1952. Does anyone here now think that "yet another society" should not have been started then?"

Others factors involved in this consideration were (1) that the special facilities required for the multiply-handicapped spastic would be largely irrelevant for the relatively simple paraplegic. (2) For spina bifida sufferers, places in schools for the physically handicapped would probably be available as the polio population passed through the schools. (3) For the Spastics Society to take them on would in most cases merely mean adding their names to the long list of those for whom we were not yet able to make full provision.

SPASTICS SOCIETY RECEIVES MONEY FROM THE "POTS"

Remarking, "This is rather fun in its own right", the Bailiff of Jersey, Mr. R. H. Le Masurier, wielded a sledge hammer at the Jersey Potteries on September 24 and, with mighty swipes, sent two outsized "Smashing Pots" crashing to smithereens.

Money—£801 19s. 1d. in all—collected in the pots during the visitor season at Jersey Potteries, spilled down everywhere to the gasps of onlookers.

The amount of £801 19s. 1d. was brought up to a total of £1,000 by Mr. Clive Jones, the chairman of the Potteries and his wife.

The job of counting the money from the Pots was carried out by members of the Jersey Spastics Society who received a proportion of the money shared between several local charities. It took them one and a half hours to count the 4,600-odd coins.

Dianne Smith.



(Photograph: Courtesy Jersey Evening Post)

The Bailiff of Jersey performs the ceremony of the "Smashing Pots"

HOLIDAYS FOR THE DISABLED

Dear friends,

We are pleased to announce that, through the generosity of Mr. T. Watson, their annual holiday for 1965 will be held at Caistor-on-Sea Holiday Camp, near Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, from Friday, May 7, to Friday, May 14.

The price of the holiday will be £6 5s. Od. for adults, and £3 5s. Od. for children under twelve, inclusive. There will be no age limits but children under twelve must be accompanied by an adult.

There will be some accommodation available for able-bodied members of families and individual disabled holidaymakers are encouraged to apply to bring their families with them when it is best that they should holiday together.

Organisations sending parties are asked to include at least one escort for every five disabled. They are also asked to send in all their applications at one time and not piecemeal.

The final date for applications is February 28, 1965, but the number we can take is limited and early application is encouraged.

Full payment for the holiday must be received by April 1, and you are requested to send this without a reminder. After this date no substitution of one holidaymaker for another can be accepted.

Application forms and medical forms can be obtained from the Secretary:

JOHN CLARK,
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25,200 Pennies



Don't bother to work it out—it comes to £84. This enormous amount of money was collected in fourteen months at the Dorset Arms, Guernsey, and they fetched up with eight filled beacons on the bar!

Regional Conferences

Successful day conferences for parents were held in the North-East Region, at Harrogate, on October 11 (125 people attending); in the Northern Home Counties Region, at Oxford, on October 18 (about 90 attending), and in the South-East Region, at Ingfield Manor (97 attending).



News from **CHESTER** Office Training Centre

MANY people must wonder if anything exciting and nice ever happens at either the Chester Centre or its Stockport branch. It is generally known that everyone at these centres has to work very hard to obtain the utmost benefit from the training given—the training period is so short, six months only. However, we do have fun.

Sports Day

This was held on a glorious September day. The Stockport trainees came to Chester for the day and Humphrey Dearden, ex-trainee, also came along. He presented us with a silver cup to be awarded to the winners of the five-a-side football match. Stockport eventually turned out to be the winners this year beating Chester 3 goals to 2. Chester evened things out a little when they beat Stockport 7 goals to 6 in a netball match. Other events included an obstacle race, walking race, egg and spoon and potato relays. Our day ended with a tug 'o war in which

Stockport pulled hardest. It was a foregone conclusion that Stockport would win because Humphrey was on their piece of rope.

Youth Club

This venture was started in April by the Chester Spastics Group, primarily for our trainees, although the youth of the district are made most welcome and have contributed in no small measure to its growth. The club was officially opened on July 23 by the Mayor of Chester, Miss Mary Heaney. On this occasion, helped by the Stockport trainees, we staged a concert which was a great success enjoyed by quite a large audience. Since then there has been a trip to the Blackpool illuminations and a dance.

Mock Election

On the General Election Day we at the Centre held our own election. We had three candidates:—

Colin Smith—Conservative

Sandra Smith—Labour

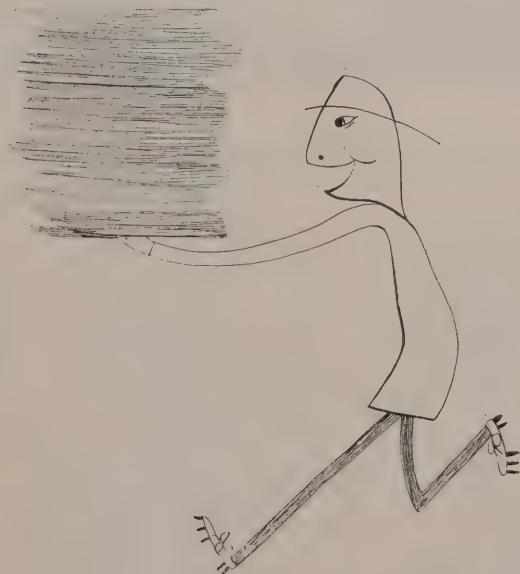
Judith Brown—Liberal.

Each candidate gave an Election Day speech before an audience of trainees, and staff, and then votes were cast. One member of the staff was the polling clerk and followed the procedure of voting as closely as possible, directing the trainees to the polling booth after checking their name and number. Everyone enjoyed this exercise including staff, domestic staff and visiting ambulance drivers who joined our audience and were very impressed with the arguments that each candidate put forward.

We send Christmas greeting to all ex-trainees.

Service is our **middle** name

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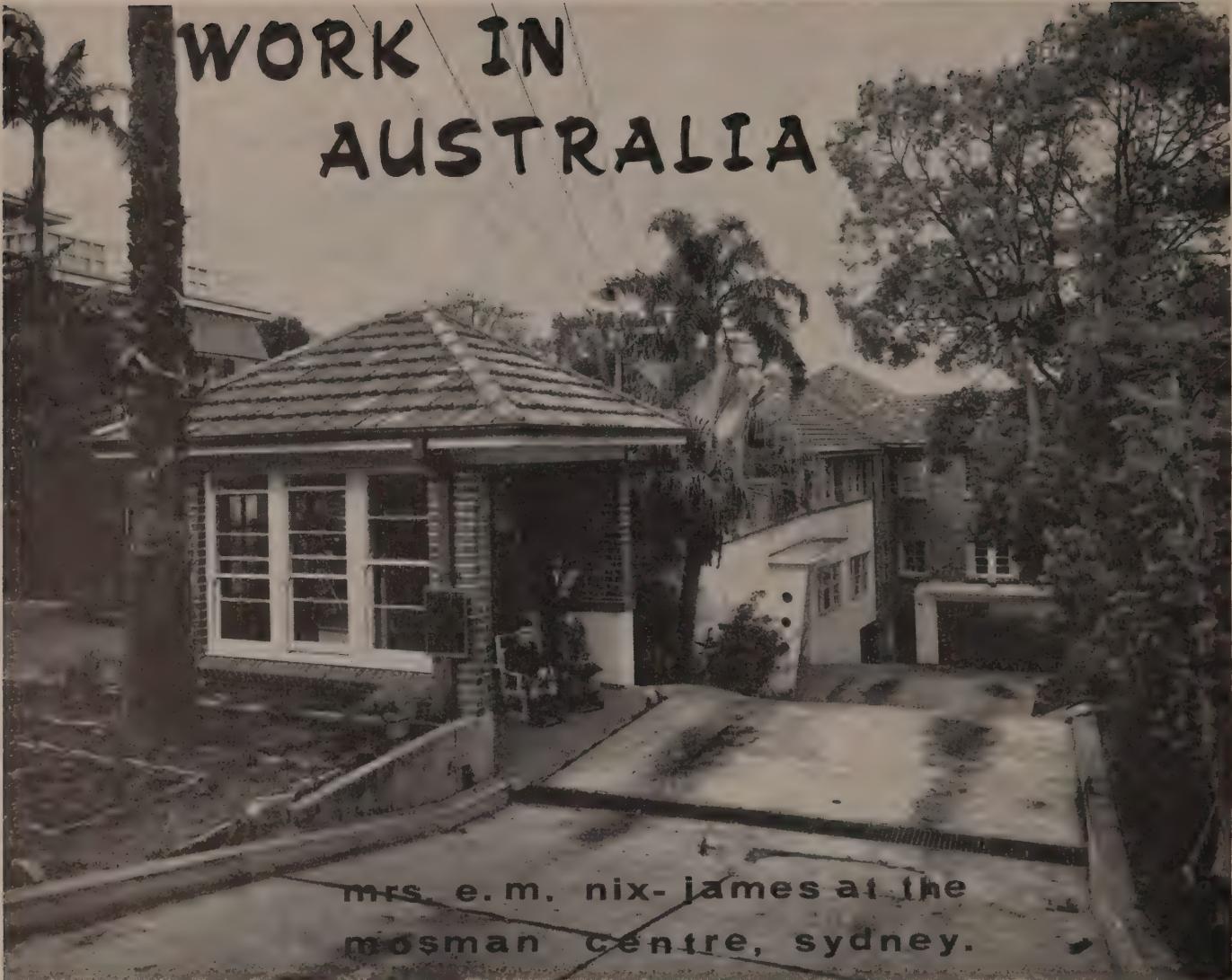
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WORK IN AUSTRALIA

*mrs. e.m. nix-james at the
mosman centre, sydney.*



I THINK it was in 1960, when I was on a course in America visiting Spastic Centres there, that the wish to go to Australia was first born in me. I had heard about the large Spastic Centre at Mosman, Sydney, and I felt an increasing urge to go there and see, and, if possible, to work there for a while. I had been teaching handicapped children for some years and had specialised in work with spastics since 1959, so I was particularly interested to see what was being done in my line in other parts of the world.

As so often happens, if one wishes hard enough, the way seems to open, and on January 3rd, 1963, I left England in deep snow arriving in Sydney on February 2nd on a blazing hot morning with the temperature at 90 degrees. This was quite a new venture for me, and the busy and beautiful city of Sydney with its population of 2,000,000 was full of interest.

I started work straight away at the Mosman Centre, and was given a very seriously handicapped group of children, many of whom cannot walk or use either hand and have no speech, yet it is such a happy, lovable group, full of fun and so eager to learn. It has been a great privilege to learn with them, and I have found my work here

Mosman Centre, north side, showing how ramps have been built for buses to go down to the different levels

intensely interesting. It has been a great challenge to find ways and means to teach these children so that they can do some of their work by themselves. I am still here enjoying my work and view my probable return to England next year with very mixed feelings indeed.

I have been asked to tell you something about this Spastic Centre at Mosman—well, like so many other Centres all over the world, it was started originally by a small group of parents. In 1945 with a capital of £30, 14 children and two old converted army buses the work began in a house loaned to them for the purpose and later purchased by the society. The centre is situated in a beautiful suburb of Sydney overlooking the Harbour. This small beginning has now grown into one of the largest and best equipped Spastic Centres in the world.

At present 200 children go daily to the Centre for treatment and education, and over 1,700 out patients come to the medical block during the year for treatment, help and advice. All these are fitted with orthopaedic appliances free of charge. This, in a country where there is no

National Health Scheme, is a tremendous help to the parents.

The original house has been enlarged and is now used for the administrative section and the canteen, and in the grounds has been built a large three-storey medical and educational block, comprising spacious school rooms, treatment rooms, medical staff offices, a large auditorium, board room, dining rooms, etc., and on the bottom level the splint shop and carpenters' shop, etc.

The Centre is under the control of a medical director and has a full time panel of medical officers, physiotherapists, occupational therapists, speech therapists, a psychologist, X-ray radiographer, electro-encephalograph recordist, almoner, nurses, splint maker and carpenter.

A Medical Board of Honorary Consultants advises. All dental treatment is carried out at the Centre free of charge by a panel of honorary dentists, and the splints and braces are all made at the Centre's splint shop. The Centre also has its own X-ray and electro-encephalograph apparatus.

The children are brought to the Centre each day by a fleet of 24 buses. Each child has his own seat built to fit him with the necessary foot straps, etc. These buses do an average of 6,000 miles a week between them. Many of the buses have been donated by the different societies and clubs in Sydney and the State of New South Wales. Just at present there is a drive to replace some of these, and you will see a Spastic Centre bus going by with a big notice on the side "I have done 200,000 miles, will YOU help to replace me?"

The drivers of these buses are on full time duty. During the day they help carry and move the children from one

department to another, they help with the maintenance of the garden, buildings, furniture and do a large variety of odd jobs. The Society has its own maintenance section about a mile from the Centre and employs two mechanics who are helped by the drivers.

The school at the centre is run by the Education Department of New South Wales; they supply 17 teachers, help with the equipment, and give generously towards the upkeep of the buses. Apart from this the Centre receives no Government subsidy and relies entirely on the generosity of the public. The people in Australia are very open-handed and money seems to come in from all directions. Many substantial legacies have been left to the Centre during the 18 months I have been in Australia and a great deal of help is given by clubs and societies in many ways. The Centre holds an annual fête each year in the grounds, and that brings in over £5,000 annually.

The Centre is run on the principle of the co-operative efforts of the parents. No fees are charged, but the mothers are rostered to give one day a week at the Centre, toiletting the children and doing various domestic work; the fathers give one day a month helping with maintenance, etc.

As it costs £5,000 a week to run the whole Centre, one realises what a work of faith it is, and the financial help that pours in is nothing short of miraculous.

There are many "Country" children who live too far away to come to the Centre to school each day; for these children a large modern Hostel has been built in a glorious spot seven miles away, high up in French's Forest, with a distant view of the Pacific Ocean. This Hostel has been built to house 100 children who go to and fro each day to school. During the holidays groups of children are

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You can't have too much of a good thing



taken for a week at a time to relieve the parents. The mothers of the hostel children give five weeks' work there each year.

Close by the Hostel has been built the "Centre Industries". This is a factory where teenage and adult spastics who are unable to get work elsewhere, can go to be trained for working under factory conditions. Here they work alongside normal factory workers. They are under contract to manufacture telecommunication switchgear components.

The huge success of this venture is evidenced by the fact that last year it won an Intermediate prize. This was presented to the Medical Director of the Centre last February in Denmark.

Perhaps you would like to know what my day is like at the Centre? I live about 15 miles away and go to and fro by car, passing some of the beautiful Northern beaches on the way. We start work at 9 a.m. when the buses arrive and the children are carried into the school rooms by the wardsmen. The morning session is from 9 to 11.30 a.m. During this period my children are taken out for short periods of treatment either with a physiotherapist, occupationalist or speech therapist, so that there is a good deal of coming and going and most of the school work during this time is done in small groups or individually. Each teacher has the help of an Aide for a large part of the day. At 11.30 I go to the canteen or to the staff room for my lunch (usually soup and sandwiches). Meanwhile the children are fed by the therapists. My children have great difficulty in swallowing and need expert help at meal times. 12.30 p.m. I return to the children for the afternoon session. We have no breaks for treatment during the afternoons so we can concentrate on Group lessons and

activities. At 2 p.m. the children get a drink of milk and ten minutes' break. We join the next class on three afternoons a week for music, films and cooking. Of course my children are not able to take much active part in cooking but they are very good at reading the recipes, sniffing, watching, anticipating and nibbling. They just love the music lessons and I often think back to the days at the Bournemouth and Poole Centre when we had Miss Dickinson, a past professor of Music at the Royal Academy of Music, to teach the spastic children. I learned such a lot from her.

The afternoon passes all too quickly and shortly before 3.30 p.m. the Wardsmen come to fetch the children for their return journey home. Some of them have quite a way to go and it may take any time up to an hour for them to reach home and tea. It is a long day for these children but they seem to love it and the journey to and fro is quite one of the highlights of their day. I arrive home about 4 p.m. and am ready for a rest and a cup of tea. It sounds a short day's work but it can be very exhausting, as anyone who has worked with spastics knows so well.

I find the whole atmosphere of the Centre is such a happy one, the teachers and therapists all work happily together knowing that these children are getting every possible help to enable them to live as rich and independent a life as it is possible for them.

When I return to England next year, I shall have some transparencies to show to my previous children at the Bournemouth and Poole Centre. We have been in correspondence with them already exchanging snaps and drawings and letters. This has been a real thrill to my children here. I wish I could bring them back with me for a visit.

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The children of Junior Class II admire their award

Craig-y-Parc: NATIONAL HANDWRITING CONTEST 1964 by Gwendoline Kelly, aged 13 years

Early in January the Editor of "Look and Learn" and "Treasure" announced their National Handwriting Contest of 1964, based on Road Safety. With daily promptings from the children, the teacher of Junior Class II at Craig-y-Parc, filled in the necessary form for a supply of entry forms.

By March 25 our entries were ready. Five of the best entries were selected and posted off. Now came the period

of waiting and each one wondered who would be the lucky one. On June 18 we received a parcel plainly marked "Look and Learn" and "Treasure". Had we won a prize, we wondered? We were delighted to find on opening it that we had been awarded a special group certificate of merit in recognition of the effort that had been made, and with it 8 lbs. of sweets which were thoroughly enjoyed by all the children in the class.

BIRTHDAY PRESENT

Miss Margaret Hubbard (left), who is Miss N.A.N.S.A. (Norfolk & Norwich Spastics Association's Beauty Queen), won with her title two tickets to the LIVE Beatle show at Kilburn State. She promptly turned them over to the Society to give a treat to two spastic young people living in London. So Pat Patteasal, from our Thornton Heath hostel, whose 21st birthday it was, found herself with a friend in the circle gazing down at her heroes and screaming with the best. She may even have heard them sing, we don't know . . .



SURPRISE FOR SECRETARY



(Photograph: Courtesy South Wales Echo)

Pupils of Craig-y-Parc turned out in force to extend best wishes to the School Secretary, Miss Margaret Watts, who was married to Mr. Stewart Roberts of Pontyclun

Rambling Memories of an Old Fool

by Denis McCullough

THERE is a gully under the ruined Peel Tower at Staward. One big step and you're out of it. I crawled out, safely, for spastics like me have little balance. Besides, I didn't fancy the 80-foot drop from the narrow path into one of Northumberland's swiftly flowing rivers, the Allen.

So what was I doing up there in the first place? Marshal asked that as well. He'd routed my long ramble from where this tributary joins the Tyne at Ridley Bridge, up to Planky Mill, about halfway up the Allen. "Dead flat most of the way," he'd assured me. So easy, in fact, that I reached the old mill with half a day to spare, and a look at an Ordnance Survey map showed a track up to this old border look-out tower commanding the heights of Staward. It was a long pull up, through dense woods clinging to the sides of a narrowing valley. At the top, spotting the road would have been a tricky business, had not a red bus come gliding along between two hedges about a quarter of a mile away.

Marshal was satisfied. "You'll have no troubles on Club rambles," he said, and to prove it, first time out he offered me has arm to link. With that slight contact I was off, passing from one arm to another through the whole crew.

"Prove the existence of God," was fired at me once, right in the middle of a stiff climb, and I did, when I got my breath back at the top. You see the range of topics covered, just through a helping arm.

Frank was always an argumentative type, not like Mike. With Mike anything could happen—and did. Jumping over burns was a two-handed affair, one on each bank, me in the middle. Mike just leaped across with be in his arms like a babe. No searching for footholds in stone walls for me to climb over, or balancing me on top. Oh no, nothing so complicated; the bold Mike deftly slung me over his shoulder like a sack of animal food that he daily carried, and with a ringing laugh, hopped over the offending obstacle.

There was always a mad, eager rush away from the

station—a cavalry charge, but soon the party would string out comfortably over a quarter of a mile, and I would drop behind, for all my balancing tricks. Well, let the young 'uns stride out in front. Come meal time and they had the fire-lighting to cope with—for the tea brew you know—and the can was just on the simmer by the time half the girls—and I—turned up.

Tramping over the same ground week after week from all points of the compass, you soon become familiar with all the routes, and this is where I came into my own. Lagging behind with the splinter group, I could keep an eye on the novices, see they did not take the wrong turning, while the leader was up front. As "Whipper-in" I was entitled to a drop of staff brew, a can of strong tea reserved for those who light the fire and dance attendance on the rest of the party.

The "Whipper-in" has his moments after tea. It's an unwritten code, no courting till after tea. Then you see 'em. There's many a surprise as they quietly pair off, doodling along miles behind the party. I've won and lost thousands of pounds with myself, making a "book" on when the engagement would be announced, and how they would look coming arm in arm through an arch of rambling boots, clinkers for confetti, of course. These are the only occasions that I was ever at the front of the party.

Tea time also saw the socialites bowling up in their cars, and time for me to desert the party in favour of four wheels. Particularly if the ramble was pushed for time, then the lads and girls didn't want me hanging around their necks. When I started looking for lifts it was time to hang up my boots. Gone now is the anticipation that a fine morning conjured, and the deftness of ramming sodden gear into a rucksack. I detest getting wet these days. Still, I miss the soothing ache at the end of the day, the sense of achievement and gratitude to all the ramblers. They seem to have got as much fun out of humping me around as I did. Yes, it may have been all so foolish—but it was fun as well.



BRAINS, not brawn, will take a trick in 1984. But every schoolboy today is not a genius in embryo. Too many children even the present pace of living presents a real problem.

What then is the future of to-day's child who is a little slow in the uptake? Will he be able to take his place in the fast-thinking, fast-moving, scientifically minded world of 20 years hence?

Glasgow, among other great centres giving them every chance to do so. The city's aim is to give every child the education which will best fit him for the years ahead.

Tests carried out by the School Health Service are used to help channel boys and girls into schools which can do the most for them.

Deaf children, blind children, spastic children, children handicapped in one way or another to whom an everyday school life would be of little help, are given specialised education.

It's Unique

Take, for example, Northland School in Danes Drive, Scotstoun. This is a school unique in Glasgow, and possibly in Scotland. It was opened 18 months ago, has 150 pupils between the ages of 13 and 16, and its purpose is to educate boys and girls who, for one reason or another, gain no benefit from the ordinary school curriculum.

The Mr. 1984's at Northland aren't going to set the world on fire. But they are going to be able to take their place in it with confidence, a confidence they would lack denied the benefit of three years at Northland.

This is what the headmaster told me:

"At this school every boy and girl gets the education necessary for his and her special requirements. We have no set school curriculum which all must follow. Each youngster works at his own level.

"We have 60 girls and 90 boys, and this school is specially designed to meet the needs of the children.

"Our aim is to help the child find his right niche, to encourage him in whatever he is good at, and to give him the background which will enable him to face up to life and make a success of it in his own sphere."

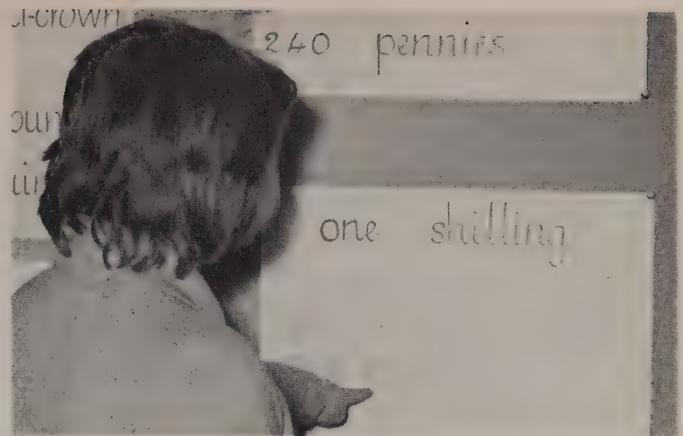
Quite apart from the fact that Northland is one of the most beautiful of Glasgow's new secondary schools, it is a remarkable place.

The theme of the teaching is reality. The staff is a small one—five teachers of "academic" subjects, plus five of "practical" subjects take the children through their schoolwork.

The work the child does in one class is linked with that which he does in every other.

For example, if the girls bake a cake in their domestic science class, then their English and arithmetic sessions will follow up the theme with reading lessons on cakes and sums involving weights and measures.

These adults of the future, on whom modern life could impose almost unbearable stress and strain, are being taught how to live successfully.



Children at Northfield learn the relationship between classroom work and what they will find in the adult world

Rent and Rates

They get their grounding in the "three R's," but practical work occupies as much of their time. And on matter the lesson being learned, it is angled in to everyday living.

"We are giving social training and adaptability, so that when the children leave school they will be able to take their places in the world outside", says the headmaster.

Let's take, for example, the lessons they learnt sitting at their desks in the classrooms. Here reading, writing, and

PRACTICE IN LIVING

by

Meg Munro

**Glasgow Evening
Times**

arithmetic are used to teach them how to deal with the responsibilities of adult life.

The learn about rent and rates, they are taught to write letters, to calculate in weights and measures and pounds and pence with an eye on future shopping and spending.

In the "practical" periods the girls learn cookery, sewing, and housewifery, the boys do woodwork, metal work, gardening, and are taught the handyman chores of mending fuses and home decorating. There are arts and crafts classes, with pottery making playing an important role.

Bees are kept at the school, and there's a school garden worked by the boys from which the girls get flowers to decorate the school's furnished flat, and vegetables to use in their cookery lessons.

Home Safety

As well as teaching the girls to make beds and the boys to mend fuses, the school places emphasis on hygiene and teaches the youngsters the value of a daily shower by having them use the special shower bath installed in the building for both boys and girls.

Road safety and home safety are taught, and these adults of the future are taught also the value of a good personal appearance.

Once a week a group of 20 go to the Stow College of Hairdressing, where, as guests of the college they have their hair cut, and, in the case of the girls, set in a fetching style.

It's all part of the pattern of turning out adults who will be able to deal with life in 1984.

ELPHICK HOUSE: Professor A. V. Neale

Opens the New Bristol Hostel



Professor Neale, Mr. Van Neste and Dr. Stevens at the opening

THE young people at Elphick House come from all over England, mostly from the West Country—Cornwall, Bath, Portsmouth, a school-leaver from Craig-y-Parc—and at present almost all of them work at the Bristol Work Centre which was set up and run by the Bristol Spastics Association.

The third of our hostels to be opened, Elphick House, is a pleasant, agreeably ramified, smallish house, gaily refurnished by Shirley Keene who has converted many of the existing furnishings and added pleasant curtains and wallpaper.

For the opening, the pillars were wound round with red ribbon and evergreen, and Professor Neale was persuaded to strike a great gong over his head. The big living room soon filled out with fur collars, wheelchairs, sticks and people in their best crimplene jersey. Mr. Trayhurn, Chairman of the Bristol Association was there to introduce Professor Neale; Dr. and Mrs. Stevens were there, and Mr. Van Neste and Mr. Long from Regional Pool Promotions. A warm tribute was paid to R.P.P. and the help it has given the Society.

Professor Neale, "Father figure" to the Bristol Association and a member of the Society's Medical Advisory Committee and Chairman of its Editorial Board, described with élan the day 17 years ago when he first came to Bristol and met the nucleus of the Bristol Society "sitting on penitential benches over a pub."

"Thanks to the Spastics Society and the enormous impact of the many Local Societies through England", said Professor Neale, "we have grown into something wonderful.

"This is work which has not grown without tremendous effort and humanity between people. Despite the Welfare State, without this kind of action by the voluntary Societies we shouldn't have done anything at all."

Professor Neale spoke approvingly of the overall aim of the Hostel: "to train and encourage the young people to think and act independently." This, he said, was almost exactly the advice one would give to a first-class football club, and could hardly be bettered.

Mrs. H. Jones, the Housekeeper, her Assistant and most of the young residents gave everyone a marvellous tea, and settled down after the visitors left to the first official day of the Hostel's many years of family life.

CHRIST RAN STUMBLING

*Christ ran stumbling down the street
on little twisted feet;
small blue hands over the place
where someone had bruised his face.
His starved, thin body shook with tears
and quick short gasps of fear.*

*Bitter the December day,
streets and sky an equal gray;
no brightness, but the neon pub
where city men with Christmas grin
forgetfully went out and in.*

*When did we see you? folk will say,
at the last day.*

Antony Ross

My Life Story

by Linton Edwards

Mr. Edwards is our regular Ponds Correspondent, always totally reliable. He usually appears on our Letters page. We are very pleased to have had this brief but uncommonly moving account of his life as well, for Christmas.

BEFORE I start telling you a bit about myself, I would like to say how much I like writing these letters for the SPASTICS NEWS.

I was born in Oxford, and there I have spent most of my life. For the first three months I was kept in an oxygen tent because I was premature. At the age 2½ years I could walk about with help. And then my mother heard of a doctor in London who specialised in spastics. My mother contacted her to see if she could do anything to help me. When she saw me she immediately said "that child must not stand on his feet" and after six months off my feet I had lost all that I could do before.

A few years later my mother decided that it would be a good thing for me to go to a boarding school. After one term I had to return home because I did not like it there.

For the next six years I lived at home. When I was 13 years old, my doctor heard of another boarding school in Devon called Dame Hannah Rogers School, and he asked the head physiotherapist to come to Oxford and see me. She did, and after a great deal of talking I decided to go. I have never regretted it. At first I was a bit dubious, but after a time I realised how much good it was going to do to me. During the next three years I learnt how to sit up in a ordinary chair, and to do a lot of other things.

While I was there I taught myself to type with a gadget round my head, with a bit extending from it—I was able to type quite quickly and it made me able to do a lot more than I've ever done before. One of the things which I did while I was there was to start a School Magazine. It was very successful. The School usually takes children from the age of 5 years to 16, but as I went there so late I was allowed to stay there for an extra year.

When my time at school had finished the main problem was where I was to go. Whether I was to stay at home or find some place where I could live. We heard of Ponds, so I decided to give it a try. Immediately I entered the door I knew I was going to like it.

During the last two years, I have made such a lot of great friends, including my very nice girl friend, who also acts as my secretary, which is a wonderful help.

My ambition is to have a book published one day.

I hope you realise that this is only a shortened version of my life. If I told you all of it, it would fill up the SPASTICS NEWS!

I hope you have enjoyed this as much as I have enjoyed writing it. Until next month then when I shall bring you more news from Ponds, and a very happy Christmas to everyone.

Prancing reindeer, their baskets laden with spastics Christmas Cards, silver bells pealing out their message of goodwill—that's the sight which now greets visitors to Park Crescent as they come through the front door. This year's Christmas display is one of the best ever and is the voluntary product of Miss I. Goody, a design expert who works in one of London's largest stores. In her spare time, and without fee, Miss Goody worked away quietly. Her display is helping to boost the sales of Christmas Cards every day



AWFUL ERROR

The lass whose photograph we published in our November issue ("The 100 Up", page 20) was not Shirley Thomas. This is Shirley Thomas. The photograph was of Rosemary Yearley, also a prize winner in recent awards at Sherrards.

We extend our heart-felt apologies to both girls, and our thanks for not minding.

CHRISTMAS CARDS AT PARK CRESCENT



Letters to the Editor

SEGREGATION I

Dear Editor,

May I endorse warmly what Miss Dawson-Shepherd has written in her article on "Segregation" in your November issue.

There are quite enough barriers to be overcome, both for the disabled and other people without encouraging the creation of further divisions actually within the ranks of the handicapped. In the early days of the Spastics Society there were sound reasons for providing separate services for care and help, but conditions are changing and as Miss Dawson-Shepherd suggests there are many advantages for the handicapped themselves in avoiding segregation as far as possible.

We can all welcome her hope that there will be "more contact between the different societies—certainly in the sphere of adult social services". It would be most interesting to have more information about the extent of co-operation existing at present between the different organisations looking after the interests of the handicapped. Of course a considerable measure of teamwork exists already, especially thanks

to the work and co-ordinating activities of the Central Council for the Disabled, which deserves more support and interest than it seems to receive. But there seems to be scope for certain pooling of efforts and also services, without necessarily weakening support for local groups and branches of voluntary organisations. As in many other spheres, those who wish to further the welfare of the disabled will find more strength through unity than in division.

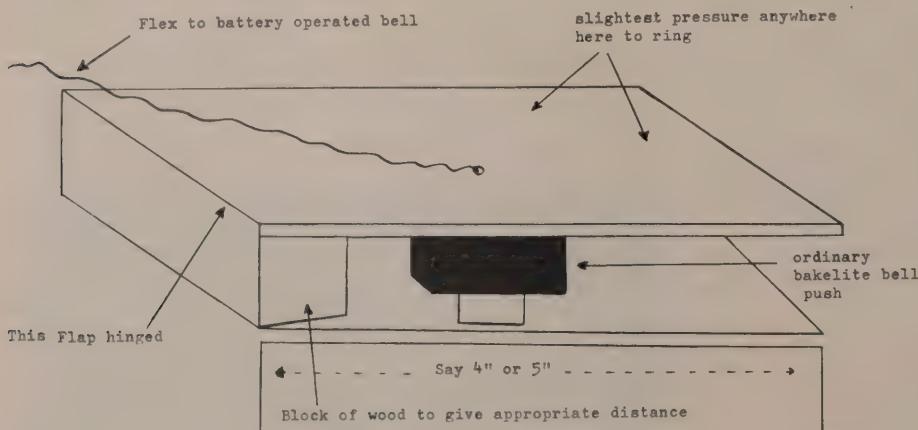
Bernard Brett,
42 Creffield Road,
Colchester.

SEGREGATION II

Dear Editor,

We have often discussed the subject of segregation as raised by Miss Dawson-Shepherd.

The spastic, as she says, by the very fact that he or she is handicapped from birth, is robbed of even a minimum of experience of "normal" life, and as such is, as a rule, tolerated rather than accepted by other organisations for the disabled.



FATHER'S GADGET

Dear Editor,

You ask in your August issue for ideas for Gadgets found useful.

Our problem was to find a right bell that could be rung by a girl with very little digital strength or dexterity.

An ordinary bakelite bell-push screwed to a piece of plywood about 5 in. by 2 in. A block of appropriate size screwed on one end and then another 5 in. by 2 in. flap hinged to it. The bell can then be rung by touching the flap with clenched fist or even an elbow. Complete battery operated bells with this type of bell-push can be easily obtained from any electrical shop.

F. Bentley,
Kidderminster.

If we cannot persuade them to accept us on an equal footing, then it is up to us to welcome them into our camp to prove that we, too, have something to offer. After all, we are all in the same leaky boat.

Doreen James,
Loggie Wood,
Prested Hall.

PEN-FRIEND

Dear Editor,

I am a reader of SPASTICS NEWS, and I would like a pen-friend. I am a slight spastic; my main difficulty is doing things with my hands. I am 21 years of age, and I would prefer to write to a boy my own age or a couple of years older.

My hobbies are collecting records and going to the cinema.

Miss Pamela Evans,
25 Booth Road,
Thrington,
Coalville,
Leicestershire.

OTHERS IN NEED

Dear Editor,

Wood collected by student friends is made up into bundles by our spastics in the North-West London Centre at Haverstock Hill, N.W.3. Then our spastics take it to old age pensioners, so helping others in need.

E. L. Carpenter,
Neasden, N.W.10.

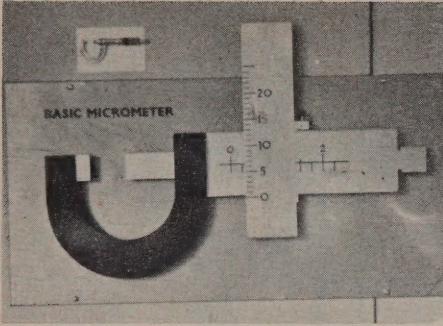
Have you heard of the wretched man who, when opportunity knocked, complained of the noise?

HAPPY AT WORK

Dear Editor,

I would just like to thank you for the most enjoyable evening that I spent reading the SPASTICS NEWS that was sent to me by the Placement worker and how interested I was to learn of all the different jobs they had obtained. I am sure that we are all very grateful to the Spastics Society and all who support us. I know I am for one. I have a wonderful job—people are most kind and interesting and really wonderful to work for. I am so happy that I would do my job free if I had to. With my grateful thanks to you all.

A. M. Audsley
15 Grove Square,
New Ferry, Cheshire.



HOW IT'S DONE

Dear Editor,

In your October issue you published a letter by an ex-trainee from Sherards entitled "A Satisfied Customer". In this letter Brian Fletcher states how he surprised his workmates by proving to them that he could read a micrometer—a precision instrument used in engineering to measure as fine as one thousandth part of an inch.

I thought your readers might be interested to know how this was achieved and I enclose a photograph of a visual aid which was designed at the Training Centre to overcome the problems involved in reading graduations on a rotary thimble. The 25 spaces are marked on a flat scale, which moves to the right as it slides down from 0 to 25. This enables an instructor to demonstrate the principles to six trainees at one time, and, later on when they have mastered the elementary problems, they hold the actual micrometer in their hands and progress on from there. The visual aid is 30-inch long and the micrometer, as seen in the top of the photograph is only five inches.

I would like to point out that this is an aid to teaching only, and not an aid for spastics when they leave to enter open employment.

E. W. Curtis,
Chief Engineering Instructor.

EMBLEM

Dear Editor,

On reading, in the October magazine, Ernest Barnes' reference to the "Broken Daffodil" it occurred to me that many readers, including myself, do not know the origin of the Society's Emblem.

Before the Society was formed, I remember a mother referring to spastic children as "Broken Blossoms" and wonder if the idea came from a similar chance remark.

Thinking of my spastic baby, fair, delicate and wobbly-headed, one could

liken him to a "Broken Blossom". Looking at him now, a tough 25-year-old, a Gnarled Oak would be more representative.

I still think the "Broken Daffodil" a suitable and lovely emblem for the Society as a whole, but I can see Ernest's point.

Mrs. Mary Carman,
Warrington, Lancs.

Our emblem hasn't an exotic history, having been invented by Mr. Murray Milne, our Public Relations Consultant, years ago. You can read all about these fascinating early years, as well as present-day successes and problems in "Every Eight Hours", the story of the Spastics Society, on sale at your local bookseller's.

REPROBATE'S REVERIE

Dear Editor,

As the tenth anniversary of my coming to Prested Hall approaches, together with the season of good cheer, some amusing incidents of other Christmases come back to my memory, which I thought might interest your readers at this now over-commercialised season.

Christmas Eve '54 saw me sally forth from my home, Admiral Cottage, with the determination to paint the town red, as barely a week was left to me before I ventured forth into the unknown world of life in a Centre. With hurricane lanterns fixed all round my hand-propelled chair, I visited every pub in Wells, picking up the odd chum or two. Filled with Scotland's solution to the balance of payments, we decided to go carol-singing, and gate-crashed a passing Nonconformist group. Our

efforts with "The Foggy Dew" and "Nellie Dean" did not add to the piety of "Christians, Awake", but did increase the collection four-fold over previous years.

Christmas at the Arundel Hotel in the early years was really something, and some of your readers may remember the incident when, in retaliation for the introduction of health salts into certain bedroom utensils, the staff decided to make me an apple-pie bed: I got wind of this, however, and hid under the bed with a newly-acquired and fully loaded water-pistol, and waited till our pin-up girl commenced operations. I then found an appropriate target, and the shrieks that the poor girl emitted could be heard down the corridor. I did the lift in record time, and spent the rest of the day on the pier.

To me personally, one of the most cheering moments of a holiday is the day of return, when on Liverpool St. Station a small figure alights from a taxi and gives me a perfunctory splodge on the left ear, saying, "Come on, platform eleven", and I know then that my three weeks of groping in the semi-darkness of short-sightedness are over.

Yours very sincerely,
"The Daffodil",
Prested Hall.

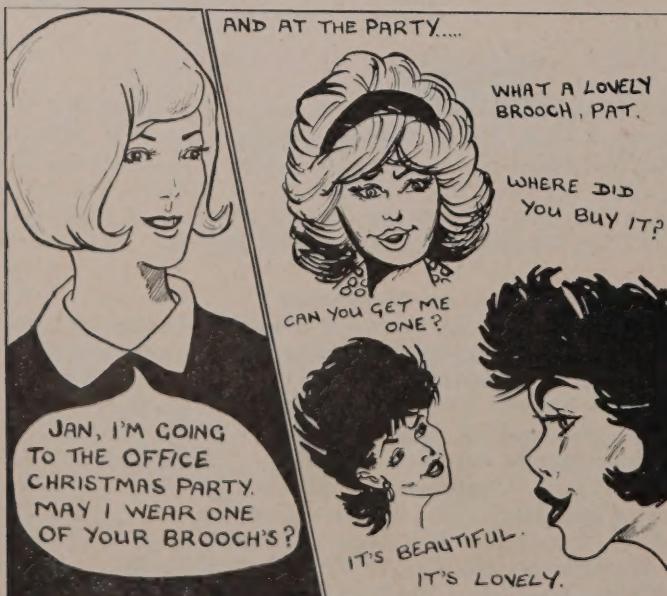
PRINTING DONE

Miss Joan Miller, a spastic home-worker who prints news sheets, agendas, and general duplicating work, has changed her address to:
30 Sutton Street,
Southend-on-Sea.

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER EXHIBITIONS

DECEMBER

1st	Harwood Golf Club, Harwood, near Bolton, Lancs.	J. Gardner & J. Rea
2nd	Leeds Trades Council Club, Upper Fountain Street, Leeds	R. Williams
2nd	Horwich Central Club, Harrison St., Horwich, Bolton	J. Gardner & J. Rea
3rd	Halliwell Cons. Club, Halliwell Road, Bolton	J. Gardner & J. Rea
3rd	Diamond Jubilee Club, South Kirkby, nr. Pontefract, Yks.	K. Kennerley
4th	Lady of Lourdes Club, Plodder Lane, Farnworth, Bolton	J. Gardner &
		J. Rea
5th	Ellesmere Golf Club, Walkden, nr. Manchester	J. Gardner & J. Rea
8th	Heywood Reform Club, Tower St., Heywood, Lancs.	J. Gardner & J. Rea
9th	Gladstone Club, Witton St., Northwich, Cheshire	J. Gardner & J. Rea
9th	Cons. Club, Market St., Hemsworth, nr. Pontefract	R. Williams
10th	Emm-Ess Social Club, Newton Heath, Manchester	J. Gardner & J. Rea
11th	Shipley Cons. Club, Shipley Hall, Shipley, Yorks.	J. Gardner & J. Rea
12th	British Legion Club, Pasture Rd., Goole, Yorks.	J. Gardner & J. Rea
14th	St. Peter's Catholic Club, Corporation St., Stalybridge, Ches.	J. Rea
15th	Unity Workmen's Club, Morley St., Padiham, Burnley	J. Rea
16th	Benwell Social Club, Condercum Rd., Newcastle-upon-Tyne	J. Rea
17th	Platts Common Workmen's Club, Platts Common, nr. Barnsley	J. Rea
18th	Crowle Legion Club, Field Side, Crowle, Scunthorpe, Lincs.	J. Rea



The Homework Scheme

DURING the past few months there has been taking place a complete overhaul of the Homework Section, under the direction of Mr. Cox, the Homework Manager. Now is an opportune time to evaluate the function of the Homework Scheme and to study its future.

The underlying principle on which the scheme is based remains unchanged and we make no apology for re-iterating it here. It exists primarily as a source of employment to those spastics who for one reason or another are unable to attend a Centre, either day or residential, and who therefore need a regular purposeful occupation that they can pursue in their own homes. By definition, therefore, a very high proportion of the spastics helped by the scheme are heavily handicapped. As a secondary service it tries to assist some Groups with the disposal of items made in Work Centres. The scheme is *not* a business venture on the part of the Society; it does in fact involve quite a heavy administrative cost. Financially the scheme is not an economic proposition, but in the purpose it serves it is indispensable.

In seeking to help a spastic, the Homework Section can have two approaches. In cases where a spastic person is already making saleable items at home the Section can assist by trying to sell the goods on his behalf. The vast majority of spastics referred for help do not, however, have a "paying hobby"; here the Homework Section endeavours to provide the work as well as sell the products. Thus items marketed on behalf of the employees can range from small numbers of individually produced craft items, e.g. sea-grass stools, canework and knitwear to larger batches of costume jewellery. A small number of spastics print the verses on "Spastic Printed" Christmas cards with specially adapted Adana machines in their own homes.

Thus it is no shallow gimmick when the Homework Section proclaims "every brooch bought keeps a spastic in a job". In our films we have tried to drive home the fact that we *must* sell, if we are to continue offering employment of this nature. It would be ideal if all the spastics on the scheme could go daily to Work Centres because there—in addition to work—they would have the companionship of others of similar age and interests. Many practical difficulties have to be surmounted before this ideal be reached and we can foresee no slackening in the demand for home-based employment.

The recent detailed overhaul of the Homework Section has revolved around the marketing of produce. I quote Mr. Cox "I have no doubt at all that the scheme can be expanded and many more of the Homeworkers employed than at present, but it would be a disservice to all Homeworkers, active and potential, to trigger off a half-baked programme of production: To produce is simple; to

absorb production is not so easy." The production of a brooch or piece of handicraft can involve a great deal of effort on the part of the spastic: we feel the achievement merits the opportunity of a ready sale and this we want to be sure of providing.

Thus, of recent months, we have cut down the numbers of Homeworkers, particularly on jewellery-making, whilst carrying out a massive stocktake and establishing firm business procedures. Between the Section and the customer there must develop a business trust which will build up and retain goodwill. Thus delivery dates must be kept; orders met in the quantity and quality requested, and inspection and stock control must be 100 per cent. The latter problem alone is one of a magnitude not generally appreciated. Jewellery designs already produced gave over 5,000 possible permutations of stones, sizes, colours and settings. Add to that goods ranging from liquid soap to stuffed rabbits and babies' bibs. Even before anything is made the ramifications of costing, accounting, and Purchase Tax have to be thrashed out.

What has been the result of all this? Firstly, we have a Section that can meet the business demands made on it. Secondly, new lines, especially in costume jewellery, are being produced for 1965; these should create their own demand. Thirdly, and most significantly, new sales outlets are being found. We are hoping that our enquiries of a national organisation will result in our first large scale retail outlet. The potential of locally available display units is being explored, and in London we will be acquiring our first permanent display area to which prospective purchasers can be sent. It is 300 square feet in Tottenham Court Road, W.1, made available to us rent free by Winifred Johnson Ltd., a secretarial agency.

As in so much of the Society's work, the permanent success of the Homework Scheme will depend on the goodwill it creates. In this connection no better organ exists than the Local Groups. With their role as representatives of the Society to the man-in-the-street they are in a very advantageous position for presenting the scheme in the way that it should be—as an integral and positive part of the Society's work. It is this conception of the scheme that we would like to build up for the future.

Homework has become a very real factor in the lives of a good number of spastics. There are many others awaiting inclusion in the scheme who cannot be taken on until we can assure them of continuity. For these reasons alone we are committed to succeeding, a sobering responsibility. It is, however, a responsibility that can be shared in a direct, practical way by anyone interested in the work of the Society and we hope to see many prepared to involve themselves in this way.

"EVERY EIGHT HOURS"

If you have any Christmas festivities at which you could sell books, why not sell copies of "Every Eight Hours" and profit by the discount, which the Society will yield up to you?

Minimum orders of 12 copies on Sale or Return at a special discount of $\frac{1}{2}\%$ can be ordered direct from Hodder & Stoughton Ltd., St. Paul's House, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4. Copies must not be sold at less than the advertised price—2s. 6d.

CHRISTMAS '64

